[Vol. 1.] THE [No. 46.]

WEEKLY VISITANT.

FOR NOVEMBER 15.

"OURS ARE THE PLANS OF FAIR DELIGHTFUL PEACE,
"UNWARP'D BY PARTY RAGE, TO LIVE LIKE BROTHERS."

SALEM—SATURDAY EVENING, NOVEMBER 22, 1806.

EULOGY ON GENERAL HENRY KNOX.

[In the following *Eulogy*, pronounced at Thomaston, the 28th ult. at the funeral of Gen. KNOX, by the Hon. SAMUEL THATCHER, a just tribute is paid to the virtues of the deceased, and to the feelings which his exit has created in the hearts of his survivors.]

THE EULOGY.

The gloom, which dwells upon every countenance—The deep shade of melancholy which invelopes the whole vicinity,—proclaim the distressing event which afflicts our country.

Alas! how feeble is language, how inadequate to convey the feelings which this solemn occasion excites! Excuse me, fellow-citizens, if unprepared I address you. Tho' late the request, the impulse of my heart accorded with your wishes. You have assembled, not to criticise—but to mourn—not to hear me speak—but to think of him of whom I speak. Cold and inanimate, he hears us not. But we will mourn for him. On such an occasion it is manly to weep.

Here do we behold a most affecting picture of human greatness. Here do we see one of the noblest works of the Creator, arrested in the full vigour of life, and almost in an instant reduced to ruins. We have all known him. To mourn the loss of such a man needs no affectation. To speak his praise requires no flattery. His virtues ask no embellishment, but their simple history.

Overwhelmed by the subject, I feel my incompetency to pourtray the character of the illustrious man, whose remains are now to be committed to the tomb.

This sad, this painful reflection arrests me at the commencement; and I feel more in need of consolation to myself than capable of communicating it to others.—But if I utter the feelings of a lamenting friend, I am sure I shall touch a sympathetic cord in every breast. For who was not the friend of the great and estimable man whose loss we now deplore? Who did not admire his virtues? Who does not lament that their lustre no longer beams upon all within the extensive circle of his influence?

But, my fellow-citizens, we will suppress our grief, and dwell for a moment upon the illustrious character who has been he pride —the ornament of his country.

At the commencement of our perilous revolution, glowing with the spirit of patriotism, he volunteered his services, and devoted himself to his country. To him was the American Army indebted for its Artillery. It derived its being from his energy, talents and perseverance. His promotion was as rapid as his merit was conspicuous. Intrusted with the command of the Artillery, in every battle fought by WASHINGTON he was present, in the van of danger directing the thunder of his cannon. Gen. KNOX retained that important and difficult command until the conclusion of the war. Beloved by his Brothers in command, adored by his soldiers.

The confidential friend and fellow soldier of *Washington*, he forsook him not in the arduous duties of returning peace. In that new and untried system of government, which succeeded the ravages and choas of revolution, he accepted the war department; and among that constellation of talents which constituted the first administration, shone with distinguished lusture. In that department he continued until his private affairs required his presence in his native State. Here, though the claims of individual interest were loud and imperious, he failed not to recognize the still stronger claims of the public.—The important services which he has rendered this Commonwealth in various departments of its government, are too recent, and too justly appreciated, to require recital.

Fellow Citizens,

You who have known General KNOX, will lament his death, not merely as an irreparable public loss, but you will feel that you have lost a friend—for he was the friend of mankind. Open, brave, generous, sincere—ardent, and faithful in friendship, severely upright in all the moral duties, and scrupulously honorable in every transaction. His polished urbanity was the offspring of a cultivated mind, and the overflowing of a warm heart.—His high sense of honor, the result of that respect which was due to himself, and which he failed not to pay to others.—Possessed of real greatness, his manners were free from that forbidding austerity which marks its affectation. He was easy of access—yet there was a point beyond which no one could approach. A keen sensibility made him alive, *delicately alive* to the feelings of others; encouraged by his smiles modest merit learnt its own worth. From an extensive acquaintance with books, his conversation communicated pleasure while it conveyed instruction. His house was the mansion of hospitality, the favorite resort of the social affections. His heart was the warm abode of charity, a charity prompt and diffusive—which gave without humiliating the receiver.—Warm social feelings, an imagination strong and brilliant, a refined taste, added to a never failing solicitude for the happiness of others, made him the delight of every circle. His mind was expansive and capacious. The magnificence of his ideas, and the impressive language in which they were conveyed, spoke irresistably to the understanding. Liberality of sentiment and munificence of heart rendered him the friend and patron of every laudible institution.

You see before you, my fellow-citizens, the remains of one of the last of that band of heroes and patriots who atchieved our rev-

olution—Who, at a time when traitors deserted, and cowards fled, sacrificed ease, property, security, every thing dear in domestic life, to the liberty of their country. If then, we value our possessions; if we love our families; if there be any thing sacred in our religion, and our laws;—if freedom be a name still dear to Americans, they will revere the memories of those who have secured these blessings;—who have bequeathed their example and their fame as a rich legacy to their country.

Although America has lost one of her brightest ornaments—one of her ablest defenders, this vicinity has suffered a loss peculiarly its own. In the settlement of his complicated concerns, his liberality shone with the brightest splendor. His soul was too great for selfiishness, too noble for avarice. But the activity and enterprize which flowed from this common scource are now annihilated. The numerous individuals—the families in various grades, who felt his influence, will know that they have lost a generous benefactor.

Inhabitants of Thomaston!

You who have seen more nearly this bright assemblage ofvirtues—and known their happy effects, will more deeply feel the extent of our loss. In the various relations in which he was connected with you—in the different capacities in which he served you—he never forgot your interests. How ample were his means of communicating happiness! how liberal was their use!

Here let me speak of him as the dear object of a bereaved family. The heart faulters, and the mind confesses itself unequal to the task.

As a parent—he was all that could endear him to his children—tender, solicitous, indulgent. In him they found a guardian watchful for their safety—a friend alive to their wishes and their wants—a disposition to forget foibles and to cherish virtues.

As a husband—he was all that the fond imagination could paint. Happy in a connexion which was an union of souls—the partner of his life was the sharer of his pleasures, the friend of his bosom, the confidant of his thoughts. In the agonizing moments of keen affliction—in the loss of nine children of the fairest promise—maternal anguish found relief from his consolation and support. But the widowed mourner can no longer share with him her sorrows or her joys.—Deaf is the ear which so lately listened to her voice—cold is the heart which beat in unison with every vibration of her own. Nothing, alas! remains for her, who has been the friend and companion of his days—who has participated even his toils and dangers—and who, in his death, performed the last sad offices of affection—but in the overwhelming task of consigning him to the tomb, and bidding him a long adieu. If to his friends there be any source of consolation—if any balm remains for the lacerated bosom of his family, they will find it in the glorious hope of reunion in a happier and more permanent state of existence.

In the full vigor of health, in the perfect exercise of his brilliant powers of mind, we had fondly believed that his life would long have blessed his country, his family and his friends. But, alas! we are too soon compelled to relinquish the delusion. For him,

the gloomy messenger had no terrors. He met death, as he had ever encountered danger—with undaunted firmness. His endearing virtues will ever be warmly cherished in the bosom of his friends—the history of our country shall perpetuate his fame.

The divine spark of immortality which animated these cold remains, has fled from earth to that source of life from which it emanated. In the presence of his God—In company with the great and good of all ages—In fellowship with the heroes and patriots who with him have saved our country—he will participate bliss unknown to earth—congenial to the purity of his soul—commensurate with eternity.

MISCELLANY.

OPTICAL PHÆNOMENA.

Every one knows what astonishing pheænomena can be produced by an optical and catoptrical apparatus. However, Nature, who, in her operations, surpasses the greatest artists, is no less capable of effecting most wonderful phænomena, by a similar process. Schott, a learned German writer, speaking, in his *magica optica*, of the famous *Morgana* at Rhegio, in the Mamertian sound, in Italy, says, "This wonderful phænomenon shews itself principally when the heat of the sun is most violent, and, as it should seem, makes the Mamertian lake boil up; when a copious mass of vapours rises from its surface, which produces the most singular appearances. The beholder imagines he sees fortresses, places, and houses in regular order, suspended in the air. These disappear gradually, make room for an immense number of columns, which also vanish in a short time, to be succeeded by an equally splendid and astonishing spectacle: large forests and whole alleys of cypresses, and other trees, present themselves, as well as lsrge fields, covered with a great number of people, with small and large flocks of cattle, and similar objects, in their natural colours." Kircher accounts for the physical causes of the Morgana in the following manner. He observes, that mountain which is situated opposite Rhegio, extends from Calabria towards Peloso. The shores of the lake, as well as the bed of it, are covered with a great quantity of very small pellucid mineral particles, which are drawn up, by the intense heat of the sun, along with the vapours of the lake, and form in the air a perfect speculum of an immense number of angles. In this speculum, the back-ground of which is formed by the mountain, are represented images of different objects, which differ according to the point of view in which the beholders's eyes are directed towards the airy mirror. For the appearence of the above mentioned row of columns, Kircher accounts, by observing that a column stood at the shore of the lake, which multiplied itself in the facettes of that speculum, in the same manner in which an image, which is placed between two corresponding mirrors, can be multiplied. Thus a single warrior, if his image be reflected by the clouds, may represent a

whole numerous army. As for the possibility of small mineral particles being drawn up into the air with watery vapours, it is generally ackowledged in our times : for all observers of nature agree; that the sun attracts, along with the vapours, a great number of various small bodies ; a proof of which are the hairs, chaff, sand, and other particles, which sometimes are found enclosed in large hailstones. Herrera, a Spanish historian, mentions another phænomenon, arising from similar causes, which was seen formerly in the kingdom of Guatimala, in South America. The heathenish inhabitants of that country frequently saw their idol suspended in the air, attended by a great number of others. These people, being entirely destitute of all physical knowledge, were astonished at that wonderful sight, and fell upon their knees to adore their miraculous god. This idol was publicly worshipped near the shore of the sea, and easily could be reflected by the numerous facettes of such a cloudy speculum, which nature, perhaps, formed of the saline particles drawn up into the air along with the vapours of the sea. It is obvious that this must have been the case, because the phænomenon was seen no more after the introduction of christianity, when this idol was laid aside. Kercher observes, also, that the Mauritanian shepherds may have been misled, by a similar illusion, to believe that the air, was inhabited by an immense number of spirits, where they were clothed in the skins of wild beasts, and danced to the sound of fifes and flutes. Their images were reflected by the clouds; and when they beheld the air filled with supernatural beings, for whcih they took the reflection of their own images, and heard the noise which they made re-echo in the mountains, they could easily take up the idea that the air was filled with spectres and devils.—Thus, too, the ancient bard of Scotland and Ireland may have been led to emagine the airry forms of those gone before, "huug listening on the clouds," to the sound of their harps and voices, as beautifully, and freqently, is painted by Ossian, while the living poet celebrated "the warriors and deeds of OTHER TIMES." I say *painted*—for it must be a cold and senseless heart, and an imagination wholly frigid, that cannot *see* on his pages the scenes he describes, as correctly drawn, and as highly coloured, as if they were placed before us by the hand of Nature herself, in all her majesty and loveliness, her simplicity and grandeur.

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During the run of the comic opera of Cymon, when Mr. Vernon was in pursuit of his supposed mistress Silvia, and came on singing,

Torn from me, torn from me, which way did they take her ?

A wag in the pit replied, in time and tune,

They're go e to Long Acre—They're gone to Long Acre.

The house was in a roar of laughter; and Vernon, with great presence of mind, as soon as there was silence, sang

Oh ! oh ! are they so ; I shall soon overtake her.

A ruby-nosed devotee of Bacchus, when reproved for the heinous sin of drunkenness, justified himself by quoting from Goldsmith, "*that virtue consists not in* NEVER FALLING, *but in* RISING *every time we* FALL."

POETRY.

FROM THE GREEK.

Once I know in madd'ning hour
I own'd your beauty's magic power,
And prais'd those eyes of liquid blue,
Those lips which sham'd the morning's hue,
The golden locks whose wavy flow
Shaded those rising hills of snow.
You each ardent wish repress'd ;
You continued still reproving,
Still I woo'd and still was loving,
Still to you the sigh address'd.

Now, alas ! what changes rise !
Mark, each grace, each beauty flies ;
Time, your cruel foe, at last
Grants me vengeance for the past ;
Youth no more that eye illumes ;
Age has brought its joyless glooms :
Cease ; those lures to spread forbear ;
Vain that studied dress, and care ;
Others tempt ; I'm not of those
Who seek the thorn, and leave the rose.

FROM THE ITALIAN.

MARINO.

As, Venus, late you miss'd your boy,
And anxious sought where he had stray'd :
"One kiss," you cried, "I'll give with joy
To him who knows where Cupid's laid."

Give me the kiss ;—for see he lies
In the dark heaven of Rosa's eyes ;
Or bid my Rosa's lips bestow
The kiss, and your's I will forego.

HAPPINESS.

BY COWPER.

No longer I follow a sound ;
No longer a dream I pursue ;
O happiness not to be found,
Unattainable treasure, adieu !

I have sought thee in splendor & dress,
In the regions of pleasure and taste :
I have sought thee, and seem'd to possess,
But have prov'd thee a vision at last.

An humble ambition and hope,
The voice of true wisdom inspires ;
'Tis sufficient if peace be the scope,
And the summit of all our desires.

Peace may be the lot of the mind
That seeks it in meekness and love ;
But rapture and bliss are confin'd
To the glorified spirits above.

OLD TOWLER.

[BY DESIRE.]

Bright chapticleer proclaims the dawn,
And spangles deck the thorn ;
The lowing herd now quits the lawn,
The lark springs from the corn :
Dogs, huntsmen, round the window throng,
Fleet Towler leads the cry ;
Arise the burden of their song,
This day a stag must die :
With a hey ho chivy,
Hark forward tantivy,
Arise, the burden of their song,
This day a stag must die.

The cordial takes its merry round,
The laugh and joke prevail,
The huntsman blows a jovial sound,
The dogs snuff up the gale :
The upland winds they sweep along,
O'er fields through brakes they fly ;
The game is rous'd, too true the song,
This day a stag must die,
With a hey ho chivy, &c.

Poor stag, the dogs thy haunches gore,
The tears run down thy face ;
The huntsman's pleasure is no more,
His joys were in the chace :
Alike the sportsmen of the town,
The virgin game in view,
Are full content to run them down,
Then they in turn pursue.
With a hey ho chivy, &c.

From the Charleston Courier.

TO JULIA.

To me, when afflicted with grief,
Resort and lay open your heart ;
From my lips shall you draw sweet relief,
My sympathy bliss shall impart.

And when by pale sickness opprest,
Your Henry shall languish in pain ;
My Julia shall lull me to rest ;
Her bosom my head shall sustain.

How pleasing my prospects and care !
O ! cease my lov'd girl to repine ;
My fondness no rival shall share,
For Henry shall only be thine.

Then deck thy sweet face with a smile,
And bless the fond arms of thy swain ;
May soft love our long hours beguile,
And happiness banish our pain.

HENRY.

MISCELLANEOUS.

AFFECTATION.

From *affectation* only can the misfortunes, the calamities of life, or the imperfections of nature, become ridiculous. Surely he has a very ill framed mind, who can look on uglines, infirmity, or poverty, as rediculous in themselves ; nor do I believe any person living, who meets a dirty fellow riding through the streets in a cart is struck with an idea of the ridiculous from it; but if he should see the same figure descend from his coach and six, or bolt from his chair with his hat under his arm, he would then laugh, and with justice. In the same manner, were we to enter into a poor-house, and behold a wretched family shivering with cold, and languishing with hunger, it would not incline us to laughter, at least we must have very diabolical natures if it could. But should we discover there, a grate, instead of coals, adorned with flowers, empty plate or china dishes on the side-board, or any other affectation of riches and finery, either on their persons or in their furniture, we might then, indeed be excused for ridiculing so fantastic an appearance. Much less are *natural imperfections* the objects of derision : but when ugliness aims at the applause of beauty, or lameness endeavours to display agility, it is then that these unfortunate cicumstances which at first moved our compassion, tend only to raise our mirth.

"None are for being what *they are*, in fault,
But for *not* being what they would be thought."

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The following affectionate VALETE to the students of Schenectady College forms the close of an address of President Nott. It is interesting and pathetic, and must have touched the feelings of children and parents.

It was a noble spectacle, amidst the flames that were consuming Troy, and while the multitude were intent only on rescuing their paltry treasures, to see the dutiful Æneas bearing on his shoulders the venerable Anchises, his aged father, to a place of safety. But ah ! how rare such examples of filial piety ! My God !—the blood freezes in the veins at the thought of the ingratitude of children ! Spirits of my sainted parents ! could I recal the hours when it was in my power to honor you, how different should be my conduct ! Ah ! were not the dead unmindful of the reverence the living pay them, I would disturb the silence of your tombs with nightly orisons, and bedew the urn which contains your ashes with perpetual tears !

It is within your power to prevent the bitterness of such regrets. But I must arrest the current of my feelings. Your future usefulness, your eternal salvation, constitute a motive, so vast, so solemn, that were I to yield to its overwhelming influence, I should protract the hour of separation, and fill up with counsel and admonition the declining day.

I shall address you no more. I shall meet with you no more, 'till having past the solemnities of death, I meet you in eternity. So spend the intervening period, I adjure you, that *that* meeting may be joyous, and the immortality which shall follow it splendid as the grace of that God is free, to whom surrendering my charge, I now commit you. Leaving you this counsel, I bid you an affectionate and final FAREWELL.

FEAR.

Lord Nelson, when about eight years old, being on a visit to his aunt's, went one day bird nesting, and wandered so far that he did not return home till long after it was dusk. The lady, who had been much alarmed by his absence, rated him soundly, and amongst other things said, 'I wonder fear did not drive you home.'—'*Fear*,' replied the boy, with great simplicity, '*I don't know him.*'

The following Anecdote may cause some of our fair readers to smile, from a belief of its being an ingenious fabrication. A Roman writer, however, has given it as authentic.

Augustus Cæsar entrusted his friend Fulvius with a secret of some moment. He told it to his wife ; she related it to Livia, and from her it came again to her husband the emperor. The next morning Fulvius, as usual, attended to salute the emperor, using the customary term of 'hail Cæsar !' '*Farewell* Fulvius,' returned the emperor, which is what was said to the dying. Fulvius went home, and calling to his wife. 'Cæsar,' said he, 'knows I reaveal-ed his secret to you, and sentenced me to die. 'And you *deserve* it,' she replied, 'you ought to have known a woman's inability to keep a secret ; but however, I will go before you.' Having said this, she stabbed herself. So much less pain is there to a woman in death, than in keeping a secret.

ANECDOTE.

An honest Hibernian being asked if he could play on the violin, said he did not know, *for he had never tried.*

MARRIAGE.

In Paris, H. I. H. Prince Jerome Bonaparte, to H. R. H. the Princess-Royal of Wirtemberg—step-daughter to the late Princess-Royal of Great Britain, now Queen of Wirtemberg.——It will be recollected that Jerome married an American lady at Baltimore, who is still living. He may, perhaps, think that *Monsieur* Jerome Bonaparte, and *His Imp. Highness Prince* Jerome, are not the same person.

DEATHS.

In Paris, 1st of September, M. Haydn, the celebrated Musician.

In Swansea, Eng. Mr. David George—he was in the act of disengaging a sole fish from a net, when the fish made a spring down his throat and choaked him.

At St. Dennis, (Isle of Bourbon,) 12th of August last, Capt. John Williams, jun. late master of the brig Reward of this port, and only son of the Hon. John Williams, of Deerfield.

In the Isle of France, Mr. Benjamin Silver, of this town.

At New-York, Mrs. Julia Agnes Jones, of the Theatre.—In her professional character, she was universally approved and applauded by a discerning audience :—and in her private capacity, she will be long remembered and deeply regretted by those who possessed her acquaintance and friendship.

At Lynn, Mrs. Dorcas Mansfield, wife of Col. William Mansfield.

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SALEM, (Mass.)
PUBLISHED BY HAVEN POOL.
Directly west of the Tower of Dr. Prince's Meeting-House.
(Price $2 per annum—to be paid half yearly, in advance.)
COMMUNICATIONS THANKFULLY RECEIVED.

BOOK, BLANK, & JOB PRINTING CORRECTLY EXECUTED.